Annie Brooks

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN

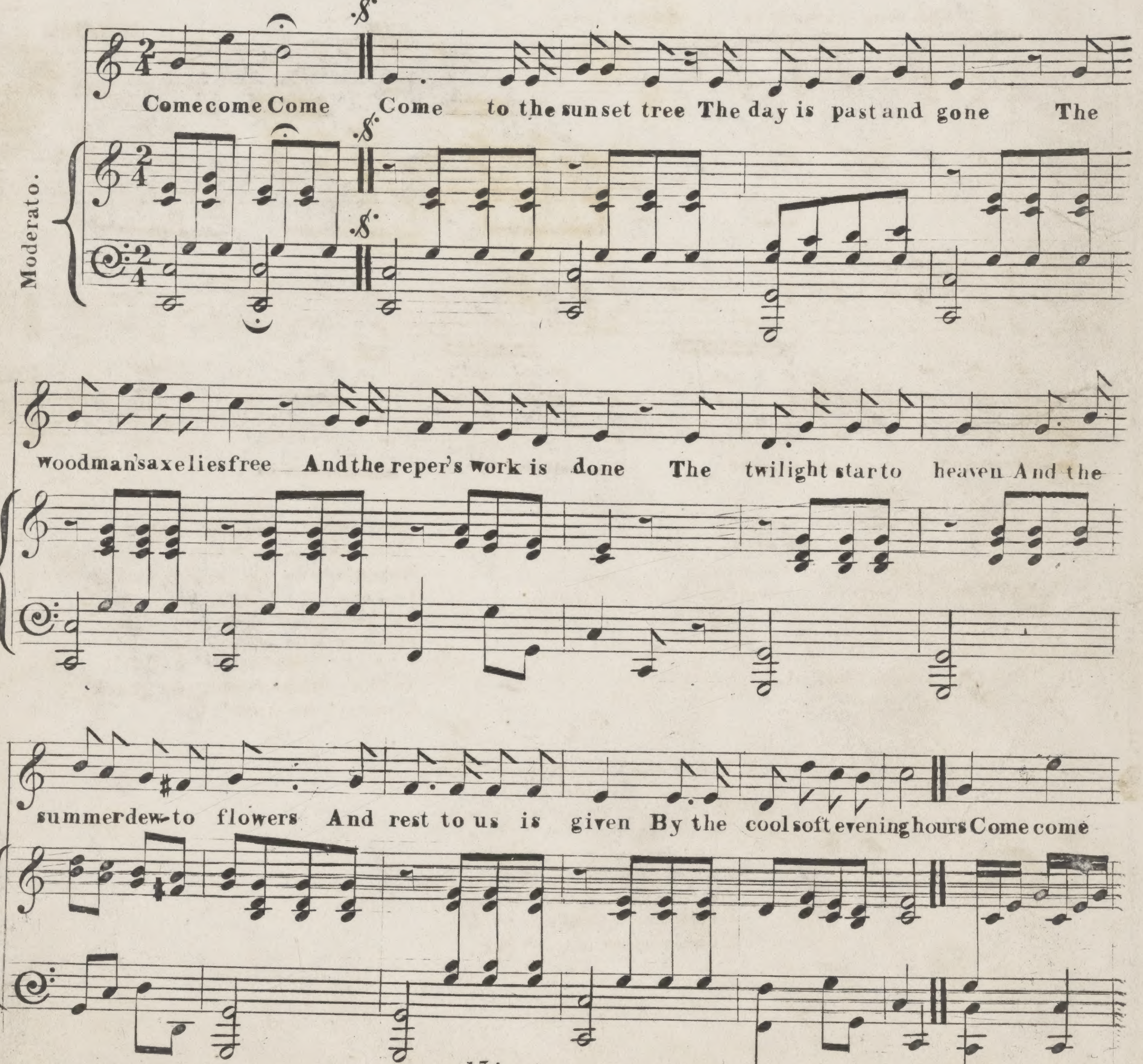
BY

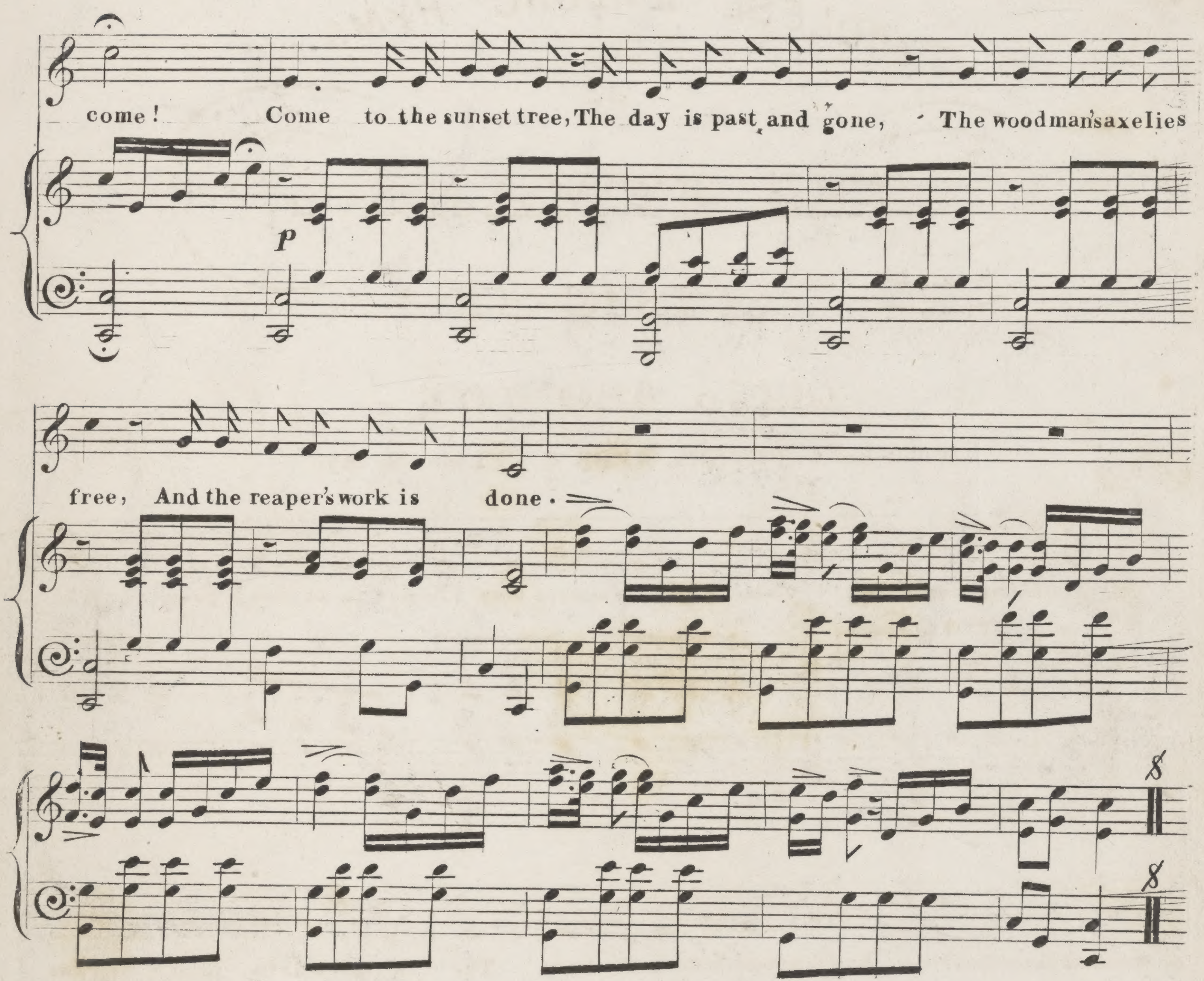
MRS HEMANS.

MUSIC BY

MISS BROWNE.

Published by PETERS, WEBB & Co. Louisville Ky.


Moderato.
Come come Come Come to the sunset tree The day is past and gone The
woodman's axe lies free And the reper's work is done The twilight star to heaven And the
summer dew to flowers And rest to us is given By the cool soft evening hours Come come


come! Come to the sunset tree, The day is past and gone, The woodman's axe lies
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free, And the reaper's work is done.

2

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burthen and the heat
Of labours task are o'er
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come! &c.

3

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still
Than even nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come! &c.

4

Thare shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide beat;
Thare shall be no more snow
No weary wandering feet.
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God!
Come, come, come! &c.